

## DIGGING TRENCHES AT DOUGLAS, ARIZ.



Members of the Eighteenth infantry machine-gun squad throwing up trenchments along the border at Douglas, Ariz.

## PUTS PRICE ON HEAD OF DARING FRENCH AVIATOR

German Government Wants "Corsair of the Air," Dead or Alive.

### LEADER OF BOMBING RAIDS

Has Caused Damage of Grievous Kind and With Persistence That Seems to Know No Limit—Reward of \$62,500 Is Offered.

Paris.—On the head of one man in the French army the German government has put a price. This man has caused them damage of a grievous kind and with persistence which seems to know no limit.

The sum of 25,000 marks (\$62,500) will be paid for Captain X. of the French aviation service dead or alive. The French government has been very careful to avoid giving his name, and it is believed the Germans know him only by description.

It was Captain X. who three successive times went to bombard the German powder and ammunition factory at Rottweil, in Württemberg. On each occasion he performed an extraordinary feat.

The sobriquet of "corsair of the air" has been given to him. Some of his exploits partake of the ruthless vigor of the true pirate.

Captain X. is the principal leader of the French bombing expeditions, and he seems like a hero who has dropped out of a romantic novel. Danger is his very life, and he plays with it so that his adventures during the war have been almost fantastic.

He began by being made prisoner as a result of an injury to his motor which obliged him to descend in a neutral country, but he succeeded in obtaining his release. When he returned to France he was sent to the eastern frontier for active service.

Though he demands much from his subordinates, he sets a good example himself. When he goes out with them for a bombardment each of the machines carries a special sign. He takes his position about eight thousand feet above the object to be destroyed, while his companions are discharging their missiles.

Through his glasses he watches the results and notes the points which have been struck and the actual damage done and makes a record of it all in his notebook. When the others have completed their work the captain descends in a spiral, aims with precision and delivers the final, and generally the most fatal, blows to the enemy property.

**Guards His Flock.**  
He waits to judge the effects of his work, and then he starts for home, escorting his men and acting as a faithful dog does to the flock, hurrying to the assistance of those who may need it. It is not without having run the most serious kinds of risks that he has become the terror of the Germans.

During one bombardment he fought with a large German aviator armed with two machine guns. His whole machine was seriously damaged by shots, a number of important parts of the apparatus being cut and torn, but he continued on into German territory and went direct to a railway station and factory which he had set out to bombard, carried out his mission and returned safely to his base.

The first time he went to attack the powder factory of Rottweil was on March 3, 1915. The journey lasted five hours and twenty minutes. Ten minutes after he began the attack on the plant a conflagration was noticed beneath him, and he realized that he had destroyed at least an important part of it. He had brought four large shells with him and he descended very low in order to deliver his attack so that each of the shells struck home. One of them landed in the mixing basin of nitric acid and glycerine and the others fell on the buildings. Flames at once arose and the smoke made a column forty-five hundred feet high.

His next important bombardment was at the railway station which the French authorities indicated as V. To

accomplish his task here he dropped down almost to the station roof.

Then came the second bombardment at Rottweil, on April 16, 1915. Ten four-inch shells were dropped on the powder factory and caused a fire and an intense black smoke which entirely hid the building from view. Captain X. remained for a quarter of an hour above his object at an altitude of five thousand feet, tantalizing the two vertical batteries which the Germans were aiming at him and the section of 77 millimeter guns which had been placed around the factory for its defense after the first bombardment.

**Damaged Two Zeppelins.**  
The French officer returned to his camp with eleven shrapnel fragments in his machine. In the same month he dropped six shells in the great shed which harbored two Zeppelins, both of which were seriously damaged. The three special batteries placed for the protection of the sheds fired at him constantly, but failed to injure him, though they damaged his machine to some extent.

A few months later he bombarded railway station indicated as C. He started out at four o'clock in the morning with five other machines and in the afternoon he was back at his base, took up eight more shells and returned to attack the station for the second time in the course of one day.

The flight, in which more recently and for the third time he attacked the powder factory at Rottweil, was the most tragic which he ever carried out and at the same time the most successful.

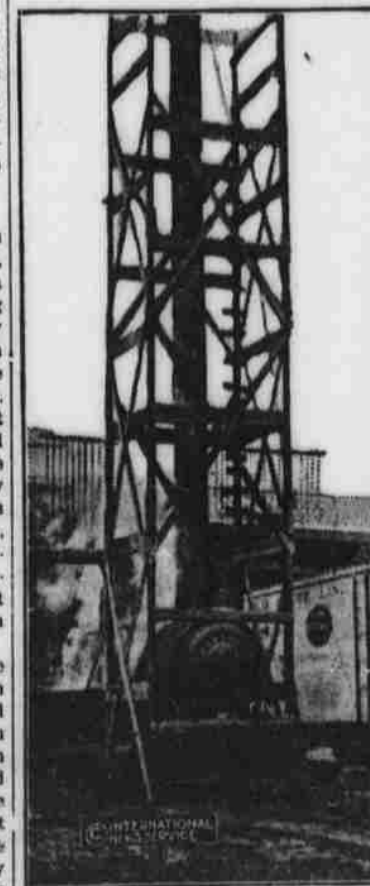
Four other machines were to have started with him on that expedition, but one of them a few days earlier had attacked a train from only fifteen feet above the ground and the pilot was still ill as a consequence of injuries he had received. Another who was to have gone had trouble with his

### QUEER USE FOR LOCOMOTIVE

Philadelphia Man Rigs One Up to Furnish Power for Compression of Hay.

Philadelphia.—A locomotive with a 35-foot smoke stack is being used here for the compression of hay for the allied armies of Europe. This plant, the first of its kind, is located on the banks of the Schuylkill river.

It is another proof of the fact that necessity is the mother of invention. Orders for 50,000 tons of hay to feed the horses of the allies were received by the owner of the plant, John H. Irving. He selected the present site for his plant and, expecting the Philadelphia Electric company to furnish power, bought the necessary machinery to begin work only to find, when ready to operate, that because of un-



foreseen engineering difficulties the electricity could not be supplied.

In this emergency, Mr. Irving turned to steam as a driving power, but discovered that there were no boilers available. He then negotiated with a railroad company and bought a twenty-seven-year-old locomotive, mounted his tall smoke stack and now his factory is running smoothly.

motor at the very beginning of the flight and had to return to the lines. There remained consequently only three. Besides the captain there were Lieutenant D. and Corporal P.

The three started off together and followed the Swiss frontier to the Rhine and then entered the Black forest and penetrated in the direction of the Württemberg plant. All had gone well until they were within a few miles of the latter, when several German chaser machines came out of the fog and spread themselves in fan shape to bar the way to the Frenchmen. The latter were carrying a ten-hour supply of gasoline and a load of bombs and their machines consequently were slow and not easily manageable.

#### An Easy Target.

They offered a relatively easy target and could not defend themselves very satisfactorily. Mr. Jacques Montane, who describes the incident, says the first to withstand the shock was the captain himself, who was attacked by a large monoplane of the type of Latham's Antoinette. Two men were on board and the machine was well known by the pilots who operated on the Alsatian side. The French officer replied with so much valor that the aggressor judged it prudent not to insist and abandoned him in order to attack the machine of Corporal P.

The captain endeavored at once to go to the aid of his subordinate, but the adversary was much more rapid and after a short fight succeeded in bringing down the unfortunate corporal. During this time the captain was turning and swerving and did not lose a single point of the painful drama of which he was a powerful witness. But he decided to avenge himself.

After the fall of P. he started off on the way to the powder factory with the determined purpose of making the Germans pay dearly for the loss of his fellow aviator. He flew calmly, scoring the enemy who had gone above him in the hope of cutting him off and of attacking him, for the first success had encouraged the occupants of the big German machine.

Lieutenant D., who had continued his way without stopping, now saw himself surrounded by enemy machines. One of them brought him down, to the northeast of the town near the factory.

This death was considered a sad loss to the French aviation service. D. had distinguished himself several times in bombing expeditions, often by night, and had been of a boldness worthy of his chief.

The captain remained alone to accomplish his mission. Instead of turning back, as prudence might have dictated, for he still had a considerable distance to go before reaching his objective, he persevered all alone against the German machines and went and cast his eight shells slowly and with great care on the powder factory. All of them struck true.

#### His Sad Return.

A thick black smoke at once arose to the sky, the black smoke which this same bold pilot saw for the third time at the same place within a year. He remained, according to his custom, for ten minutes over the establishment, in order to make notes of the result of his shelling, and then he started for home, along the same route by which he had come, not bothering to make a single detour to avoid enemy machines.

The alarm, however, had been given, and when he arrived over the Black forest he perceived a veritable curtain of aeroplanes waiting for him. They all swooped toward him in the hope of bringing him down.

By clever maneuvering he avoided half a dozen of them, and then he was obliged to engage in close combat with two, the second of which awaited him above L. The duel with the latter was particularly bitter and the captain ended it by forcing his adversary to take to flight.

Quietly he resumed his way toward the French trenches, mourning the death of his comrades. Near the lines he perceived French chaser machines which were awaiting the return of his squadron.

One of them approached and made signs to inquire if the other aeroplanes were coming. The captain with a gesture of desolation indicated that there was no one to wait for, as he was the sole survivor of the expedition. And a miraculous survivor he was, for when his machine was examined it was found that the top and nacelle were riddled with bullets; some of them had even passed between the captain's legs. The supports were cut, the joints broken and the wings torn by shell fragments.

When they spoke to the captain about these numerous injuries he replied simply:

"Of course it was to be expected that they would wait for me on my return."

The following day the German official communication made this announcement:

"Under Officer B. on his first trip succeeded in bringing down two enemy aeroplanes which were on a bombing expedition. The third succeeded in escaping."

The German under officer, it is interesting to note, soon became lieutenant and received three decorations, one being the Iron Cross of the first class, which was given to him for the above exploit.

Recently this German Officer B. was flying in upper Alsace when his motor stopped, the machine fell and the pilot was killed. Captain X. gallantly regretted the nature of the accident to the German aviator and regretted still more that it had not been left to him personally to avenge the death of Lieutenant D. and Corporal P.

## The Test

By MAY RIDPATH

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"Gentlemen," spoke Robert Dale, arising at the table where his man guests had just finished their cigars after the ladies had retired from the room, "I am going to announce that this is the last social function where we may meet under present pleasant conditions. I am going to give up this house tomorrow and remove to more humble quarters."

There was a dead silence. There was not a person in view who had not for several days past heard rumors of a great money loss for the supposedly wealthy owner of the splendid mansion that now harbored them. Could it be possible that there was a tangible foundation to these current rumors. The interested group soon knew, for Mr. Dale continued:

"I will remove tomorrow into the more humble and appropriate gardeners' house. You will all be welcome in our more modest quarters, just as you have been here."

Then, the bland, courteous host as ever, Mr. Dale motioned them in the direction of the drawing rooms.

"Ruined!"

"I heard he was speculating in war bonds!"

"Too bad for the expectations of that amiable son of his, Vance Dale!"

These and like remarks began to go the rounds of the guests. Many left early. Some neglected even to acknowledge the compliment of their invitation. And when they were all departed Mr. Dale walked over to his stalwart, handsome son and clasped



"I Shall Always Be Your Friend."

his hand, as though there was some understood bargain between them, and winked and even chuckled with ludicrous solemnity.

"And now, young man, to shoulder the stately forest ax and work for a living!" he said.

The town was agog the next morning as Vance Dale, wearing a hickory shirt and bearing an ax over his sturdy shoulder, started "to work." Mr. Dale owned a pasture lot, at one end covered by a thick grove of trees. These were to be sacrificed for their value as fuel.

Shades were raised, curtains were drawn aside, doors were opened a crack. Feminine Wareham stared and marveled. The fastidious, cultured, luxury-reared Vance was compelled to work like a common laborer! The Dales had become poor! They were no longer the society leaders of the place! The cold shoulder of the world was voted.

There were three houses that Dale passed which were of peculiar interest to him. Since he had come back from college he had been attracted by three young ladies of the town. His father encouraged him in preparing the way to choose a wife. Eunice Willard was the most graceful, or rather majestic, young lady in the place. She had seemed to him the ideal of womanhood. As he neared her home Vance saw her coming down the street. She noticed him, paused and quickly returned to the house.

"A cut—a snub!" rather bitterly so-berlized Vance. "All right—father said she was a fair-weather friend."

His face grew brighter as he looked towards the home of Klitty Darling. She was a sweet, kittenish piece of humanity. She came bounding out to the rustic gate, piquant and eager. His heart warmed towards her.

"Oh, dear Mr. Vance!" she prattled. "I have cried half the night over the great misfortune of your poverty that has come to you. But I shall always be your friend, for it was you who introduced me to dear Aleck Wayne, and we became engaged last night."

"Um!" almost growled Dale, as he went his way. "I don't seem to have impressed ladies as I fancied. As to Helena Wayne, and he glanced at the great show place of Wareham. "Of course I am clear out of her set now."

The Waynes, as he knew, were out of town, but when they heard of the Dale descent in the social scale of course they would join the selfish time-serving majority. Vance felt pretty bitter as he thought of all his trio of charmers. He had aspired most to stately, but warm-hearted, Helena.

"I must put her out of my mind," he

ruminated, "although no thought of her in a solace."

The peerless Helena floated in imagery before him all that day. It was a strenuous one. He came home at night with blistered hands and lame and strained muscles, but, oh, how he ate and slept! His soul awoke as he learned early next morning that the Waynes had returned. His heart gave a great bound as at quitting time that afternoon he threw aside his ax. His hands were a sight, raw and bruised, a log had rolled over his foot and he was quite lame. Just as he gained the road an automobile whizzed up. Helena Wayne was driving the machine.

"For you!" she cried in happy, almost jolly tones, pointing to the luxuriously cushioned rear seat. "Shall I betray my real interest in a good friend and confess that I drove out in the hopes of giving you a lift, for I have heard terrible stories of your martyrdom," and she glanced pityingly at the scratched, swollen hands.

He wondered, as she drove to the post office, if she was not just showing the people of the town that she was not a bit ashamed of acquaintance with a man wearing a hickory shirt and earning his bread by the sweat of his brow.

The removal from the big house to the little one had been effected. It was wonderful how accommodatingly the harmonious three accepted the vast "change in their fortunes." Mrs. Dale smiled quietly, her husband went about chuckling serenely to himself, Vance called everything snug and comfortable.

And, lo and behold! just as dusk set in Helena, who had so accommodatingly and proudly driven Vance home, appeared with her father. Evidently the interested maiden had advised Mr. Wayne of the frightful condition of the hands of the novice ax-man, and her father, at one time a doctor, had brought a lotion that would give the sufferer ease.

"They're true blue," observed Mr. Dale, after the Waynes had gone, and a great glow of comfort settled down in the heart of the longing Vance.

It diffused still more intensely as, the second day after that, Miss Wayne appeared at the old pasture lot armed with easel and artist outfit.

"I want to make a sketch of the old timber before you devastate the landscape," she explained to Vance, and he found for her a comfortable shaded spot and did little tree chopping that morning.

There was a gloomy day or two for the woodchopper. Then sunshine and happiness were his lot again, for Miss Wayne appeared, intent on another sketch. She had brought her lunch. He, as well, his own. They put them together and Vance was on the verge of delirious bliss.

Miss Eunice Willard heard of the "goings on" up at the pasture lot and snubbed Helena as she had Vance. Little Kitty Darling clapped her hands when, a month later, the rumor became current that Helena and Vance were engaged.

Then one day the gossips were amazed to observe that the Dales were moving back into the old house, and Helena stared broadly as Vance, instead of attending his woodcraft duties, appeared at her home with a new eight-cylinder car.

"Why," she said, wonderingly, "Your work and the charming log cabin we are to build—"

"All fiction!" cried Vance. "Father insisted on a test, and you're the one who met it, you dear, darling, charitable, pitying—"

She stopped his eulogisms with a kiss of true love and content.

#### Bobbie's Prayers.

"Mother," yelled little Bobbie, "come on up and hear my prayers."

"Yes, dear, in just a moment," his mother answered. Then she went on dealing the cards and became the possessor of a good no-trump hand.

"Mother," Bobbie yelled, while her partner was trying to decide whether to raise the bid to three or not, "come quick and hear my prayers."

"Please be quiet," she replied. "I'll come in just a minute."

She got it for three in no-trump, and the playing proceeded.

"Mother, come and hear my prayers," Bobbie pleaded when she led the four-spot of hearts, with nothing higher than the nine turned up in the dummy hand.

"Be still, can't you?" she answered, "I'm trying to think."

Her heart lead gave her opponents a chance to get in with a long line of spades, and before she could establish her diamonds she had lost six tricks.

"Darn it!" she exclaimed, slapping her cards down on the table, "how can you expect a person to do anything against such luck?"

Then she went upstairs and heard Bobbie's prayers.

#### If They Told the Truth.

"I won't be home tonight, dear, I'm going to break loose and see if I can cure myself of being tired of looking at you."

"Good night! Next time you ask me to such a poor dinner, put me alongside of somebody who is at least half-witted."

"There is absolutely nothing the matter with you, madam, except pure laziness; but just to maintain appearances and give myself an excuse to call again, I'll write out a couple of prescriptions and charge you five dollars."

"I can't begin to tell you how little I enjoyed your voice; I don't think I ever heard a worse one."

"Darling, life without you would not be worth living—say, for about a couple of years."—Life.

## Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day

Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath.

Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatism; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any store that handles drugs which will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation.—Adv.

**Forethought.**  
"You seem to be rather busy."  
"Yes, I'm writing a love letter. It's been working on it for more than an hour."

"Why take such pains?"  
"I want to feel sure that if this letter is ever read in court it won't make me look like a fool."

**Sorry He Did It.**  
It was with considerable trepidation that we approached the shade of Sir Francis Bacon, whom we had crossed the Styx to interview.

"Is it true," we asked, "that you wrote the plays usually attributed to Shakespeare?"

"Yes," he replied, sadly. "It's true enough, but since I've seen some of the Broadway productions of my stuff I'm not bragging about it."



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